Life is a haiku

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Life is a haiku

by Mimoresa

Summary

After Tyler and the narrator fight for the first time, they both notice that they lowkey are into it more than they should.

Extremely violent gay sex ensues.

„ Suddenly he sits up where he‘s straddling me and blinks at me. When he speaks, his voice is dripping with mockery. „Are you really getting off on this, man?“ I want to protest and tell him, hell no, where the fuck does he get this idea from, he‘s the one who suggested this, but then I feel his hand sneak down and squeeze my cock more tenderly than I would have expected. My very hard cock.

I am Jack‘s undeniable arousal.“

Notes

1. you can interpret this however u want. Maybe Tyler is a real person maybe not.

2. i am aware that it‘s joe‘s … in the book (i LOVE the book) but i personally prefer the jack‘s …

3. RAHHHHHHH FIGHT CLUB

4. english is not my first language so excuse any mistakes 😶

5. my lovely friend massive_muhammed69 helped me with the choking part, sending hugs and kissies

See the end of the work for more notes

When Tyler and I leave the dingy pub, i feel sort of numb. I guess your home and all your stuff in it blowing up just does that to you. The fact that I have nowhere to stay hasn't even registered with me until this point. Lazily, I tell Tyler that I have to find a hotel for the night, knowing damn well I won't be doing that. Tyler basically forces me to stay with him. But can you even call it forcing if you subconsciously want it yourself? From the moment I had first laid my eyes on this man, I had known there was something about him. It's not what I was expecting as we barely know each other, but at the same time I knew it would come to this. I know this because Tyler knows this.

But the next thing he says genuinely surprises me. „I want you to hit me as strong as you can." I am somewhat flabbergasted. I would've never thought someone would tell me this for real. Doesn't shit like that only happen in movies? At first, I'm hesitant. Why would you want this, I ask him. He looks at me like I'm insane. Maybe I am. Shit, Who even knows anymore, my fucking condo just blew up, but that doesn't matter at the moment does it? Right now my focus is solely on Tyler. Tyler who demands to be hit.

He tells me he doesn't want to die without any scars, that he's never been in a fight.

Me neither, i tell him, incredulously, isn't that a good thing?

His answer: „How much can you really know yourself if you've never been in a fight", makes a little too much sense for my liking. I'm starting to run out of arguments. Maybe that's the good thing here.

Tyler wants me to surprise him. I try not to think about it for too long and just take a swing. Erratically, my fist lands on his ear. I feel like a girl for a moment. The punch was weak, but it seems to have hurt nonetheless, as Tyler is stumbling around holding onto the side of his head with one hand. He's groaning in pain. Maybe I popped his eardrum.

He looks so helpless like this. So pure. A lamb ready for slaughter,

ring the church bells and bring me to salvation. For a second I feel bad, what was I thinking, hitting a man in a mangy, thinly lit parking lot? The man that was offering to take me in, nonetheless.

So, when Tyler comes toward me and swings his fist to punch me straight into my solar plexus, I am not expecting it at all. There's not a huge lot of force behind it, but, motherfucker , does it hurt.

I am Jack's lightning speed fast adrenaline.

I trip over my own feet. Stupid dress shoes, flashes through my mind. In this moment they're the only thing reminding me of my regular, every day life. Is that the irony of life everyone is always talking about? Getting beat up by a random guy after your fucking life blew up and plunged all the way down from your fifteenth story flat onto the busy streets of your home city? If a mother with a little child had walked by in the moment my condo exploded, all that would have been left, are their burnt corpses, clothes and hair long turned to ashes. The thought makes me shudder, except it doesn't really, because it was never even there and the only thing that makes me shudder right now, is Tyler's punch in my stomach that knocks me right off my feet.

I sink against a rusty, old car, clutch onto myself and gasp for air. The metal feels cold and hard against my back. I think it's a Chevrolet Caprice Wagon from the little car knowledge I have. Nice car, if it wasn't left to rot back here.

I've never felt more alive.

The pain is cursing through me like blood through my veins and never has ever been this natural.

When Tyler comes closer to check on me, I tell him that it hurts, it really fucking hurts. But he knows that, doesn't he? Of course he does. I can see it on his face, he knows how I'm feeling. I don't know how or why at the moment, but it isn't always necessary to know the reasons behind everything. Just take it easy for once.

I feel close to god as I tell Tyler to hit me again. Maybe because I have never really fought before, maybe because Tyler is god. And if god doesn't exist, Tyler is the devil, tempting me like that damn snake did with Adam and Eve.

He laughs at me. Laughs at my desperation. Maybe he also knows what I'm thinking.

Slowly, I get up and he laughs again, laced with a bit of mania. „No, you hit me", he orders. And who am I to deny a demand from my messiah?

We go down together like two scruffy cats as we brawl on the pavement of the dim parking lot. Every time Tyler hits me, I relish it in a sick way. I don't feel numb anymore. I feel hyper conscious of everything around me. His piercing eyes never leaving me, the icy blue seeping through me like the endorphins from the fight. He can see right through me. Right through my business suit that's now bloodied and covered in dirt from rolling around on the floor. Right through my skin, my bones and lastly my viscera, stripping me bare until I'm nothing but an open book for him to read in.

Suddenly I'm angry at him. Why did this have to go this way. I could have gotten off my flight as usual and go back to my Ikea catalogue condo, sitting down on my green striped couch that i got on sale where it was twenty percent off. I could have sipped some iced tea while watching a baseball game that I would have only pretended to care for. After that, I could have tried to go to bed in my pajamas with a plaid pattern on them. Not that i would really have managed to fall asleep.

All that passes my inner eye in the flash of a second and the anger puffs and disappears into the chilly night air along with our shared grunts of pain.

No, Tyler had saved me. I am not quite sure yet how, but I know he did. He saved me from myself.

I know this because Tyler knows this.

With insomnia nothing's real. Nothing except this. I can feel every punch thrown at me, I can feel the way multiple bruises are already starting to form on my torso and I feel my slick, warm blood that smears my own, and Tyler's skin. Maybe it's his blood as well.

He's sporting a split lip by now and spits out a bit of pink saliva next to where my head is resting on the pavement, before he socks me in the face again.

Tyler looks really good like this, I think. It suits him. The blood dripping from his mouth and running down his chin in a slim river matches his dark red leather jacket. He was born to fight. The thought is as bizarre as it is true. He resembles a greek god while fighting, the way Adonis wished to look.

My hands grip the back of said jacket to wrangle him off of me and pin him to the ground instead, but to no use. He is stronger than me and he lands another blow right below my left pec. I cry out like a bitch as the pain radiates from the area.

Suddenly he sits up where he's straddling me and blinks at me. When he speaks, his voice is dripping with mockery. „Are you really getting

off on this, man?“ I want to protest and tell him, hell no, where the fuck does he get this idea from, he‘s the one who suggested this, but then I feel his hand sneak down and squeeze my cock more tenderly than I would have expected. My very hard cock.

I am Jack‘s undeniable arousal.

I gasp for air sharply and my hips buck up on their own accord. I realize Tyler is laughing at me again. „You‘re so pathetic.“ And he‘s right.

He slaps my face and my head flies to the side, cheek smushing into the wet ground. I feel the grime smear across my skin and in the back of my mind I hope that Tyler will hit me again. It‘s like in these corny teen novels. Every punch feels like a kiss to the cheek. I blush at my own comparison. Tyler would never kiss my cheek.

All of a sudden, there’s hot breath on the naked skin of my neck. I shudder and open my eyes. When have I closed them? I suppose you can’t look at the sun for too long. You will go blind. But if Tyler was a celestial body, maybe he‘d be more like a meteor. Stunning at first sight, but it‘s gonna kill you if it comes to close. Ask the dinosaurs. But that could‘ve been a volcano as well. Or a disease. Tyler is my disease, eating away at my body, piece for piece.

The smell of cheap cigarettes, sweat and gas station cologne floods my nostrils and his dirty blonde mop of hair blocks my vision. „You‘re just taking it.“, he informs me. When did he get so close? „Not even fighting it anymore.“ His chuckle feels wet against my neck and I shiver again. I want more. More of anything he‘s willing to give me.

His canines are sharp as razors like he‘s a wild animal, when they sink into my tender flesh. I feel like he’s going to eat me alive. I hope he does. He draws blood and pulls away again, inspecting the mark on

my throat. The look in his eyes tells me he‘s far from satisfied. I shudder in anticipation.

Tyler, I beg.

„What, you wanna be roughed up a bit more?“ His teeth are so white, it’s almost blinding and I wonder how a person with Tyler’s hygiene can maintain his perfect appearance. Then his lips purse over them and he leans forward. I feel giddy as my eyes close on instinct and I try to meet his lips. The prospect of kissing Tyler is surreal. Instead, a calloused fist comes crashing into my face. I writhe beneath him in shock as it sends my teeth clattering against each other, and I‘m pretty sure the top of one broke off. I spit up a surge of blood and there‘s a new one already, gushing out of my grotesquely bent nose and into my gaping mouth. I‘m suffocating. I‘m drowning in saliva and blood. And when god spits in my mouth I eagerly swallow it all down like the worthy disciple I am.

The hair on the back of my head feels damp because of the way my head hit the concrete. Hopefully it’s not a concussion and I start to hallucinate or forget about Tyler in the morning. That would be horrible. I‘m dizzy, but not from blood loss. My mouth opens and closes as I struggle for words. I must look like a fish on land.

Tyler laughs again and it‘s oh so loud in my ears, before his mouth suddenly meets my destroyed one for real. It hurts like hell, even though it feels like I‘m in heaven. It‘s almost no lips, instead, a lot of teeth clashing together and his tongue dips into the little wounds in my gums and tissue. I taste beer on him and a bit of mint, like he was chewing bubblegum not too long ago. Or maybe eating peppermint tic tacs. And he tastes iron-y sweet, like a whole lot of blood. Whose blood, I couldn’t tell you.

A wanton moan rips itself loose from the depth of my chest, when his lower body sinks down a bit and our crotches brush.

I am Jack‘s painfully throbbing erection.

Desperately, my hips jump up a bit to get some form of friction. Tyler continues to devour me. He shoves his tongue so far back into my mouth that I almost choke on it. Air doesn’t really get into my lungs like this, my crushed nose being blocked by his. But all I need to breathe is Tyler, so it‘s alright. I‘m alright. I‘m homeless and I‘m hurt, but I‘m with Tyler Durden so I‘m alright. I whimper into his mouth. When he doesn’t budge, I bite his, already open, lip.

„Motherfucker!“ He brings his index finger up to swipe a droplet of blood away, but he only manages to make it look like he‘s wearing a bit of lipstick. How does it not look ridiculous? Well, it looks ridiculously good. Aphrodite was a man, I‘m sure, and he looked like Tyler.

After I suck in a few breaths, I sling my arms around his back and press him closer into me. It hurts like a bitch, because my whole body is sore, but it’s definitely worth it fi it means I can touch Tyler more. The leather feels cool and smooth under my fingertips. „You have bedroom eyes, dude.“ Funny that he doesn’t say I have parking lot eyes, considering where we are.

Nimble fingers travel down my body lightly and push into a coin shaped bruise on my ribs like it‘s an elevator button. Ding ding ding, First floor; heaven. I yelp. My cock twitches in my, now way too tight, slacks.

I‘m getting impatient now. Tyler‘s grin is downright wolfish. „Made for pain, aren’t you?“, he‘s whispering right next to the shell of my ear. I don’t answer. I‘m not sure I could manage. He reeks of smoke even more up close. You‘ve never craved a cigarette like this. Or something else.

Both of his hands cradle my waist like I'm something precious. Not a second later he rips open my formerly crisp, light blue shirt. One of the buttons sails through the air and lands a few feet from us in a pile of garbage. Where it belongs, I think with a bitterness I'm used to. He slides it off of my shoulder along with my grey suit jacket. It crumples beside us and I think about how it used to be well ironed and neat. I fell like this is so much better. The last good shirt in my possession is officially ruined and I could not care less.

The air is cool tonight and I break out into goosebumps as I'm left shirtless on the moist concrete floor. My nipples harden almost immediately. Tyler dives down and bites it harshly. My hips buck up and I groan brokenly. Oh my god. His mouth is searing hot and I feel like I'm melting into a puddle of nothingness. My hands fly to his spiky hair and I bury them there. It's sort of stiff, like a lot of product was used. I picture Tyler in the morning, smearing tons of hair gel onto his head. It smells like pinetree. From now on, those are my favourite kind of trees. When I tug on the strands harder than intended, he moans into my skin.

So I'm not the only one pain gets going. „Shut up", he mumbles before biting my other nipple, for good measure. I keep pulling his hair, because it's the least I can do. My body burns with the desire to please him. I want to make an offering at his altar.

That thought earns me a punch to the gut. It's only light, to chastise me. I still writhe.

Tyler, my voice sounds whiney. He smiles up at me, toothily. Then he gives my nipples one last cruel twist before dipping lower and opening my fly. Harshly, he yanks my slacks down.

That's the first time the thought of getting caught comes to my mind. Even if the bar we were at isn't really popular, there were still a bunch

of costumers inside when we left, laughing and chatting about football and politics and family members and god knows what the average American citizen talks about. They have no idea that only a few steps behind the wall with the back door there‘s some serious homo erotic fist fighting going on. And… something more.

Slightly panicking, I hit Tyler’s shoulder. What if someone comes outside? I point behind us. There are still some cars parked here.

Tyler licks a stripe over the front of my clean, white boxers to distract me and what can I say? It‘s working. Actually, I suddenly am very distracted. „Chill out. If someone uses the back door, we‘re just doing the same thing! No shame in that, Ikea boy.“ He stares at me dead serious and I stare back, taken by surprise. After a few seconds he throws his head back and breaks out into laughter at his own ridiculous joke. It sounds like the crème de la crème of music to my ears. I can‘t help but smile along. Tyler extends a hand and boxes my jaw curtly. I hear it click and bite my tongue at the vigor of the punch. I can feel myself start bleeding anew. Copper flowers bloom in my mouth. What the fuck was that for, I glare at him. „You‘re too cheesy“, he responds. As easy as that. Little does he know that I‘d be even Camembert for him. Or Mozzarella. Shit, I‘m done for.

Then he gets back to undressing me. He discards my last piece of clothing, my now wet boxers with red blotches from Tyler‘s face all over their front. Briefly, I wonder if I‘d be able to wash out the stains with cold water, but then I remember my fucking condo blew up and I don‘t even have a washing machine anymore. Or a sink. Or even detergent at that. When Tyler wraps his big, warm hand around my dick, it helps to get me out of my head.

I‘m now fully naked behind Lou‘s tavern.

I am Jack‘s fish belly white flesh.

Tyler pumps my cock one, two, three times and then decides it‘s enough for now. Like this, he rules my body. Tyler, I plead, Tyler. His name is like a prayer on my broken lips. My own personal prayer. He‘s still grinning at me, the bastard. I can see where his dick tents in his black sweat pants. He‘s getting off on this. On reducing me to this pathetic mess of a man. I‘m the one who called him, so who am I to judge really? Wasn’t I hoping for something like this to happen? Well, not exactly this, my imagination doesn’t reach that far, but my fantasy had surely involved more than one dick being touched.

Roughly, he shoves to fingers in my busted open mouth, scratching my bitten tongue in the process. Blood coats the digits along with slimy saliva. I gag and try to push him away. Stop that shit, my eyes say. But they don’t really, because they‘re busy being bedroom eyes and puppy dog eyes and whatnot. It’s a miracle Tyler doesn’t say anything about them this time. Tyler swirls the fingers around a bit more, making sure to hit all of the little aching cuts that my teeth punctured into the raw flesh. When he pulls them out, they’re dripping disgustingly onto my bare torso. I shiver. For a moment longer they hover in front of my semi destroyed face, making me take in the vulgar display. I‘m so hard it hurts.

I lunge out and kick him into his pelvis with my right foot. He groans and topples over clutching onto his hawaiian button up shirt with one hand. The other one, still wet, sinks down and shoves two fingers right up into me. I yell, way more high pitched than I‘d like to admit, and trash around. My fringe sticks to my forehead from blood and grime and sweat. I hear Tyler laughing. Again.

Up until now, I was a vanilla guy. Fucking my girlfriends missionary and buying them chocolates for valentines. Sometimes I‘d take them from behind, when I couldn’t bear looking at their smooth features contoured with pleasure anymore. It looked all wrong, even back then. Too feminine, too round and soft. I‘ve only once had something in my butt. Back when I was seventeen, I jerked off and stuck one finger in my ass out of the blue. I came all over my bedsheets and all the way up to my chin almost immediately. That day I decided it would be best not to indulge in this stuff anymore. It could grow dangerous. If seventeen year old me saw me right now, I think he‘d

have a stroke. Hell, if two-days-ago-me saw me right now, he'd have a stroke as well, oh who am I kidding, maybe even an aneurysm.

Right now, my ass burns like a thousand fire ants from the stretch of two of his thick fingers. I try to fill my lungs with air, but my windpipe burns as well. I'm on fire, I think, I'm burning up, I'm going down in flames. Goodbye everyone, it was nice with you. But it wasn't, because I hate every single one of you. My deadbeat daddy who left me when I was little, my annoying boss who's constantly nagging me as if I'm stupid, and, the worst of all, the human embodiment of obnoxiousness, the intruder herself, Marla Singer.

Then he starts to move. Not slowly, to get me used to it, but deliberately fast. In, out, in, out, in, out. His fingers are fucking me open and I scream my throat hoarse. Hopefully no one can hear us, but if they do…oh well. „That's what you get, bitch.", Tyler informs me maliciously. At least he had lubricated his fingers beforehand, even if it was just with my own bodily fluids. At least it wasn't with piss or something. Knowing Tyler, that isn't too unlikely either.

Now, he's scissoring his fingers inside of me and my rim gets stretched further. I'm squirming restlessly and a little, grey rat runs past us, not bothering to take a second look. Dazed, I observe it until it has weaseled in between some of the garbage bags stapled back here. Matching the rat, Tyler weasels another finger into me. I close my eyes and let my head hit the concrete under us. The fear of being seen has long evaporated. I just hope I can maintain some of my dignity after this.

Interrupting my train of thought, Tyler buries his unblemished white teeth in my hip. They stutter on their own and I almost strain my neck with how fast I look back down. Almost apologetically he licks over the crisp bite mark. That's what I'd think if Tyler had any sense of apologies. Probably he just wanted to taste if he'd drawn blood. Which he hadn't. Yet.

„Don‘t look away, man“, he demands. „This is happening right now. Don’t fucking miss it“ He jabs his middle finger right into my prostate at the words and a shiver travels along my spine and rattles my entire spindly body. I gasp out his name. It seems like that’s the only thing I really know at the moment. He doesn’t draw his fingers back yet, instead he continues to press them into my prostate, applying soft pressure. My toes curl and my eyes roll back in my head. I‘ve never felt like this before. Beat up and turned inside out. I whine with every breath I take.

With insomnia nothing‘s real. Everything’s a copy of a copy of a copy. Even though these are my own words, it certainly doesn’t feel copied in any form when Tyler Durden is three finger‘s deep inside of me. I caught myself up in a predicament here, I realize this as he spits on my stretched rim from the very back of his throat. His saliva is bloody as well. We‘re wrecks. No, scratch that. I‘m a wreck, he wrecked me and now he‘s the god of my body. And of my mind too, the longer this goes on. He slides in a fourth finger, his pinky, and I panic.

Too much, I whisper, as my eyes start to tear up from the pain of the stretch. Tyler‘s only answer is a pinch to my asscheek that makes me jolt a bit.

„Come on, you can take it“, he pushes me. I only shake my head while my breathing grows ragged. All of this is new territory for me. I‘m overwhelmed by how all-consuming it feels.

I feel like Tyler‘s everywhere. Inside and out. Like he‘s coating my skin, stuck in my scalp along with the roots of my hair, filling my lungs, blinding my eyesight until there‘s nothing left for me, all my senses are blocked and there’s only Tyler, Tyler, Tyler.

Suddenly his fingers snap in front of my nose and the darkness that was beginning to cloud my vision around the edges, disappears again.

He crawls up a little and his face is only minimally away from touching mine. „Hey, don‘t black out on me now“, he swipes my bangs out of my forehead. The touch is way more gentle than what I‘d

thought was possible with Tyler. He never fails to amaze me.

Despite his other hand still being in my ass almost fully, I only feel the scarlet blush creep up my neck at this sudden change of style.

„You okay?“, he asks me, and frowns at my lack of responsiveness. It’s not my fault. My brain simply cannot process Tyler Durden caring for me. Oh generous god in heaven. I might actually break into tears right now.

I snap out of it and nod at him. Yeah, I‘m okay. He grins at that, for once all genuine. At least I think so. I hope so. With a last tender kiss to my jaw, he sinks back down to pick up where he left off and my heart flutters in my chest like a caged moth.

I am Jack‘s stereotypical embarrassing teenage-girl crush.

Tyler’s hand resumes slitting me open, and he‘s brushing my prostate with every time he moves inside. The pleasure itself is almost painful with its intensity and I‘m not able to repress the desperate little noises I keep making. My cock is an angry red and standing straight up against my stomach at the lack of attention. Smears of precum are all over my, not so defined, abs.

This time, Tyler warns me before he introduces another finger. When I whine in protest at the prospect of being fucking fisted, what the actual fuck, Tyler?, he just chuckles and shushes me. „Shhh“, as he nibbles at the inside of my thigh.

His thumb prods at the stretched skin of my hole, before wiggling inside along with the others. It takes some effort, because I‘m so tight around the other digits, already pulled taut to the max. It feels sort of weird, like I‘m finally, finally dead and there‘s maggots corroding me whole, eating away at my innards. But of course it would be

blasphemy to compare any of Tyler‘s gorgeous features to lower creatures like maggots. He‘s on a whole different level. I‘d like to get to my knees for him, if he wasn’t, like, elbow deep inside of me. Okay, that’s an exaggeration, but it certainly doesn’t feel like one with the way I clench around his entire hand. His entire fucking hand. In my asshole. How did I get here?

My feet kick out and hit Tyler into his sides a few times as I cry out helplessly. It‘s so much at once. He is no support whatsoever, hastily biting away at my thighs, so they will be covered in bruises tomorrow. As if I don‘t have enough bruises already. But I appreciate every mark Tyler puts on my body anyway, so I don’t have to pretend to be upset about it. In exchange, I can see the shiner on Tyler‘s face that‘s starting to bloom under the thin layer of his demolished skin. Everybody at the Pressman hotel tomorrow will see that he got beat up when he’s working his shift. That somebody got to lay their hands on his perfect, unblemished self and completely destroy all of him. And that somebody was me. The rich fuckers and spare waiters and underpayed cooks won‘t know, but I will. I will know and I will think about it the whole day and I will be sporting a boner while thinking about it, thank you very much.

I get ripped out of my thoughts violently as Tyler spreads his knuckles slightly, gaping my hole a teensy bit more, but that’s still more than I‘d thought is possible. I‘d felt stuffed like a thanksgiving turkey up until now, but this, oh ho, this takes the cake. Tyler you asshole, I say under my breath, because I‘m positive that my voice will give out if I try to be any louder. My throat aches for some water, but I don’t even notice any other sensation than this right now. I‘m overwhelmed in the best way possible.

„At least mine isn’t being wrecked right now“, he tells me lovingly and shimmies his fingers again. I snort at this, but I can’t think of a clever retort anymore. My brain has successfully scrambled to a halt. He‘s staring between my legs intently, like I‘m the eighth world wonder or some other bullshit that was just made up by rich guys to get even richer by tourism. There we are. I‘m already starting to think like him. Tyler‘s words out of my mouth. And I used to be such a nice guy.

When he feels my gaze on him, he looks up and meets my eyes. He raises one eyebrow and lets me know: „Look, I'm practically wearing you like a glove right now." He emphasizes his point in pulling his fist outwards a bit before forcing it back in, making me squeak like a chipmunk in the process. When he cackles, my body burns with humiliation. Fuck you Tyler.

„No, no, fuck you.", he answers like the real polite gentleman he is. The sweetest smile finds place on his bloody lips when he thinks for a moment before telling me: „Maybe you shouldn't call me Tyler anymore. Maybe Mister Fister would be more fitting" For a moment he keeps smiling at me like the cat that just got the cream, then he breaks into a hysterical fit of giggles. The sound is almost feminine for someone as manly as Tyler and feels weirdly out of place. I can feel the way my cheeks are heating up once more. Why can't I just stop blushing this ridiculous amount? It's never been this bad before.

Tyler, I will absolutely not call you that, I reach down to swat at his head lightly. Seemingly, this was not a good idea, as the next thrust of his fist is a lot fiercer than the first, just to get me back. My mouth hangs open with a wanton moan as my body trembles with a mix of pain and pleasure that's all too intoxicating. „Fucking faggot.", he calls me in the most affectionate way possible.

He slaps my ass as some kind of encouragement and I tighten around his fist involuntarily. That way I can feel every single ridge of his fingers, every vein on his wrist and every scrape of his punched raw knuckles, mine and his dried out blood mixing. This time, he groans too. He must imagine how this would feel around his cock. Hell, I do too.

„Such a whore for pain, aren't you?", his voice sounds dangerous, almost predatory and all I can do is nod my head because yes yes, I am a whore for pain, I'm your whore for pain, Tyler, only yours. I don't say it out loud, but I'm sure it comes across. Tyler is somehow able to understand me, even without words and I've never been so

grateful for it before, when he‘s suddenly seized by the same want that’s been plaguing me all night.

Even earlier, when we were in the bar, just sitting across from each other and drinking beer, in the back of my mind there were fantasies swirling around about how it would feel to be touched by him, be kissed by him, be fucked by him. Not be fisted by him, oh no, as I already said I‘m a totally vanilla guy, but I guess Tyler does bring out the freak in me. Additionally, I should mention that on the plane too, our arms brushed briefly and that single touch sent my brain reeling with impure thoughts that would make our local priest shake his head in disapproval. Don’t even get me started on the first time we met, on the fucking nude beach. Where else was I supposed to look, huh? No, you tell me.

With a mortifyingly wet squelch, Tyler pulls his fist all the way out and I cringe at the feeling of being so open and so so empty. „Oh my god, you‘re gaping .“ Thank you, Tyler, I deadpan. I hadn’t noticed.

He slaps my face again, reopening the wounds in my mouth and scraping my cheek bone when my head hits the concrete once more. New blood quills and runs down my chin and throat. I whimper in pain. „Don’t get smart on me now, Ikea boy.“ Sorry, I rasp. Sorry, Tyler. I beg for forgiveness from my saviour. The tears that have been simmering in the corners of my eyes ever since this started, threaten to finally spill. I grit my teeth and force them back. I can‘t cry in front of him. That would be too much, even for me.

Now, Tyler‘s movements are fueled with desperation as well. He gets up to his knees and fiddles with the fly of his pants. The knees are dirty from the wet ground and it looks overall worn out, and when he shoves them down, his hard cock springs free in all its glory. Tyler’s dick is a pornstar dick. Long and thick and tasty. Somehow it surprises me that he‘s not wearing underwear. It really shouldn’t though, considering this is Tyler Durden we‘re talking about. Going commando could be one of his character traits. What is unsurprising, even to me, is that he‘s not shaved. The sight makes me salivate.

He catches me staring and levels me with a cocky smirk. „Like what you see?“, his voice sounds gravelly as he strokes his dick one leisure time without breaking eye contact. I blush. Again. Can‘t i just keep my cool for one goddamn time? Can‘t I be just as quick with my remarks as Tyler? Apparently I can‘t, because all that comes out of my mouth at that is a quiet groan. He throws his head back and barks out a laugh. I reach out to pull him closer to me by the flaps of his leather jacket until he nearly collapses ontop of my chest and crushes me under his warm body. It‘s hitting all the sore spots and makes me wince, but it feels too nice to interfere. Like a weighted blanket all over my naked body.

Still, there‘s a layer, no it‘s two layers; his shirt and his jacket, between us. And maybe I‘m getting greedy, because I feel like it’s simply not enough. I want more, I want it raw and real and I want flesh on flesh. I want to feel Tyler in every way imaginable. So I tell him to take it off, please take it all off. I want him just as naked as me, just as vulnerable on the parking lot of a bar. I need it.

I sound sick with need, but it‘s okay, since Tyler, for once, complies and pulls off his jacket, letting it hit the dirty ground with a clink of the zipper. Then he tears his shirt over his head, almost ripping its collar in the process. I like to think that he feels the way I‘m feeling. Eager to please. Eager in general, to be honest.

Now we‘re even. Except we‘ll never truly be even, because I‘m a scrawny office boy and Tyler‘s everything I want to be and more. Maybe that‘s why I was so attracted to him from the very start. But it doesn’t matter now, does it? He‘s here, on top of me, because he wants to. He voluntarily chooses to do this with me and it‘s more than enough of an ego boost for me.

He fishes for a condom in the pocket of his discarded pants and holds it up for me to see. My heart cramps with a bolt of anxiety at the image. No, this isn’t right. I need to feel every part of him, I just know that. I want to be his personal cum dump, his own little cock sleeve.

But I can't say that. When it registers with me that I'm just staring dumbfounded and he's already tearing open the package, I shake my head in a frenzy. If you want to… I mean, I'm clean, so… Tyler actually looks taken aback for a split second, before grinning at me and throwing the half opened condom behind us to join the other trash. „That's the spirit, Ikea boy." I roll my eyes at the nickname, but inside, my heart clenches with excitement at the prospect of Tyler in me.

Where his bare skin touches mine, I feel like the meat is scorching, buzzes of electricity moving through me whenever one of us moves. „You want it?", Tyler asks me, as if it isn't painfully obvious, while he lines up his dick. His far above average dick, just for the record, but that's another non surprising fact about him. A man with his confidence can't not be packing.

When I repeatedly nod my head yes, Tyler squeezes my pec harshly in a way that makes me flinch. I've already turned blue there. „What do you have a mouth for, you pathetic piece of shit?", he hisses through his teeth, although he doesn't legitimately sound mad. Without my permission, a whimper slips through my lips. My cock twitches feebly against Tyler's leg, and he looks down at me and there's this look on his face that I really, really don't like.

„Oh, you wanna be treated like the stupid slut you are?" He pinches my nipples again and I keen, but do not answer. It's dangerous to interfere when he's monologuing like this. No matter what I say, he's going to use it against me. „Figures, actually. You're into being slapped around and spit on too. Speaking of which…" He purses his lips like going in for a kiss and spits right into my lax mouth. I shudder with how disgusting it is, but my traitorous dick seems to have found a liking in humiliating me and it kicks again. Oh boy, I'm learning quite a bit about myself in one night.

Tyler's hand grips my jaw and forces my mouth shut firmly. „Swallow", he orders, and who am I to object? The spit feels warmer than usual as it goes down my throat alongside with my own and mixed with our combined blood. His saliva tastes better than I'd

expected, it‘s like my own little communion. Shamefully, I immediately yearn for more.

„Now tell me how bad you want it“ I entertain the thought of refusing, just to get roughed up a bit more for a brief second, before realizing, one: i don‘t want to have all my teeth knocked out if my skull by tomorrow, and two: I actually want to do what he tells me.

I am Jack’s substantial submission.

Please, I whisper. Please, Tyler, I need you so bad, please, want your cock. I glance at him bashfully to see if it’s working. He‘s already staring at my debauched face with an expression I‘ve never seen before. But his eyes are filled with something that looks suspiciously close to hunger . „God you‘re pathetic. Made to beg for cock.“ and he slides home with one strong thrust of his hips and I howl .

It‘s the best moment of my tiny, miserable life. Everything else has been leading up to this, it’s perfection. I feel like we were made for each other, two pieces of a puzzle, the key and the lock. I‘m around his length like a second skin, even though he already prepared me plenty earlier. I‘m ascending to heavens, sent by Tyler Durden‘s cock in my ass. Who knew gay sex could be so spiritual?

I feel nauseous with pleasure. When I open my eyes, I closed them again for fuck‘s sake, I see Tyler squinting his eyes and biting his lip, sharp canines digging into the plump, cracked flesh. The street lamp is casting light around Tyler‘s head, creating a glowy halo, like god intended. It makes the blood all over him even more prominent and highlights his injuries in the most tempting way. The sight is enough to make my head spin. Tyler is my deepest darkest desire in person. I want to rip his skin of and wear it as a coat.

„How the fuck are you still so tight?“, he sounds just as out of breath

as I feel. My only response is an incoherent little noise. My hands scramble to hold onto something as he starts moving. I decide on the nape of his neck for my right, and his firm bicep for my left hand. I grip him as strong as I dare to without being scolded. Or hit again. Well, i'd probably enjoy that anyway, but right now this is better.

While he fucks me for real, I feel disconnected from reality. It's so much all at once. My entire life is behind me and my future is never going to happen, because it's just right now and all that matters is Tyler and Tyler and Tyler's dick in my ass and Tyler's hands on my hips and Tyler's little groans and the taste of blood on my tongue. It tastes sweeter than ever.

My back is scraped raw by his forceful thrusts that slide me over the rough asphalt. It burns like lye and I briefly think about what I'm supposed to to when the scratches get infected. I'm sure they won't. Something tells me Tyler doesn't really have a first aid kit in his house. Doesn't seem like the type. If I asked about it, maybe he'd even laugh at me and tell me to man up. To just suck it up, it's not even that bad. I wouldn't be able to take that shame. I'd rather suffer through an infection.

Perhaps Tyler would take care of me then. Maybe he'd put ointment on my back and press little kisses to the wounds and tell me he's going to kiss it better. I don't dare to entertain that thought for longer than a second with how ridiculous it is. But too late, it's already nestled in the nooks of my brain, refusing to leave. That's something to worry bout later. Tyler is funny, violent, strong and smart, yes all of the above, but loving and caring are not part of the list. Even though I wish they were. A man can dream, right?

Ultimately, I start to tear up when he hits my prostate. How naive of me to think I'd get out of this without crying. I've held out for so long that it almost feels good to just let go. Silent tears stream down my cheeks, and when Tyler removes one of his hands from my hip to wipe away some of them, my whole body is already shaky with quiet sobs.

„You look good when you cry“ Tyler looks almost fond for a moment. Thanks, I sniff, grateful that he didn‘t ask me why I am crying. I don‘t even know myself. It just feels too good. If I wasn’t crying, I‘d go insane, I‘d go batshit crazy and rip off my skin and pluck out my eyes and scream until my vocal cords were ruined. Because I have him. I‘m having Tyler Durden right now and it‘s beautiful. But I only have him physically. I know it‘s avaricious to expect even more than he‘s already giving me, but I want every part of him. I want him to want me like I want him. Wow, quite a lot of want, right? Because this moment‘s going to be over sometime and I don‘t want it to, I want it to stretch on forever. Why can‘t we die fucking? The ouroborus of sex.

Tyler‘s the one to rescue me from myself and my torturous mind once again. „Get out of your head, man“ and he‘s pulling my hair bluntly to make me look at him. At his pretty blue eyes. I apologize for the billionth time today and yearn to kiss him. „Stop saying sorry, you sorry bastard“ The grip on my hair tightens a bit and then, because Tyler knows what I need at all times, his mouth crashes into mine. He kisses me feverishly and I am eager to kiss him back. His hips are still pistoning into me and I could die in piece now, since one kiss from Tyler has the power to erase all the negative thought out of your head. You‘ve never had a man like this.

My cock is weeping precum like a water fountain by now. It‘s been ignored for way too long. I swear, one stroke and I‘d be gone. I‘m already on edge after just a bit of actual sex. Kind of virgin behavior. But who could blame me when I‘m literally in bed with Tyler fucking Durden. Bed, parking lot, whatever, who cares when it feels like this . I‘m living the american dream, I‘m sure of it. The american wet dream, to be specific.

If the expression on his face is anything to go by, Tyler can‘t be far behind me. His mouth is hanging open as he rocks back and forth viciously and he‘s grunting all the while. I have started to block out my own sounds, so I‘m not sure what the fuck I‘m doing, but I just know it‘s bad. How could it not be, facing my situation.

As sweet as this is, I want to cum rather badly any time soon. I‘m

feeling borderline loopy by now. So I try to tell him as much. Tyler…, but I get distracted by his hand moving from my hair down my face to the crook of my neck.

Tyler?, I begin, but I'm interrupted by his blunt fingernails digging into my skin, making the words slip off my tongue.

„Just shut up for one second, will you?", and his grip tightens ever so slightly. I sputter and try to buck him off of me, but to no avail. He's fucking strong. I can sense his thoughts racing just like mine, who knows what he's going to do to me next? I can't think of anything, since fisting and asphyxia are already off the table. My imagination only reaches this far. Who thought I'd ever mourn my lack of kink knowledge?

Tyler's heated breath hits the drying blood on my jaw, making me shiver as he scooches closer. Slowly but surely his thumb grazes over my pulse point, before pushing down harder, making my heart pump blood to my lungs faster. I can basically feel it passing my bronchial tubes frantically. My body is panicking on its own from the sudden lack of gas. By now, I'm left gasping for air and choking on my own tongue like some coked up hooker.

„What's got you so riled up?", Tyler's voice is dripping with sarcasm and he squeezes my throat maliciously, as if I didn't need it to breathe ever again. I just glare at him, even though I know it doesn't have a great effect when my eyes are bloodshot and teary. „What's the matter, cat's got your tongue?" I hate you, Tyler. I want to shout.

I probably would, if it wasn't for his fucking hand around my neck. To be honest, I would not tell him at all. Or at least I wouldn't mean it. How could I, when Tyler's the one who taught me to live. Better than my deadbeat family ever could in the first three decades of my sad, little, consumeristic life. With the first fist of his that collided with my used up body, used up from work, never from sex or violence, he delivered me. Therefore, I'll live in his shadow forever. It's like an

unspoken promise, a meaningful bond, between us. Even when I don‘t know the meaning yet.

My mind starts to blur and get fuzzy at the edges from lack of air. I‘m feeling far away from my rotting body as I look at Tyler‘s face, so close, even too close for comfort, if it was anyone other than him. Nausea coils in my belly like a rattlesnake, subtle but dangerous, and bile rises in my throat, but it doesn’t even really register with me. I‘m feeling lightheaded.

I am ripped out of my thoughts by the brute force of the punch Tyler throws to my abdomen. A strangled sound leaves my body and I try to curl up into a ball and die. Stomach punches hurt like hell. I still can‘t breathe, but I don‘t feel like fainting any second anymore. At least something, I tell myself. Plus, I kind of don‘t want to breathe any longer. Seemingly, Tyler is the only oxygen I need.

„Snap out of it, man“, he sounds infuriated. I sob. As much as you can sob without no air left in your body. I wouldn’t be surprised if my face was turning blue by now and seeing the look on Tyler‘s face, the smug look, mind you, I‘m almost certain that I‘m at least pale, bordering on blue-ish.

I think about the dark purple fingerprints he‘s surely leaving on my tender throat, twining around it like the perverse shadow of a collar. I shiver. The thought of being marked as Tyler‘s own, his pet, is too delicious to let go this easily. I think about going to the office tomorrow, or maybe the day after tomorrow, because I can‘t imagine ever feeling healthy enough again, with the ring of bruises just above the white collar of my shirt. Everyone would stare, I just know they would, but no one would dare to ask. The worse you look, the less questions people ask. But I‘d tell them anyway. Not with gossip, but with a cute little haiku and I‘d fax it all around the department.

god has dark blond hair,

droplets red hot like embers,

roses bloom at night

Through all of this, my dick stays as hard as ever, never going anywhere near flaccid. That fact alone should make me worry about my sanity a bit, but I‘m way past that. Tyler fucks into me harder than ever before and tears creep down my face sluggishly. All my limbs flail uselessly under his heavy weight pushing me down. I retch like a man possessed.

And when he finally, finally releases the hold around my neck, I gulp down as much air as possible at once as my chest heaves rhythmically. At the sudden overrun of oxygen in my system, I can‘t help but feel dizzy, my head spinning. Tyler looks vague in front of me, the colours of his hair, eyes and skin kind of melding together, but in favor I can hear the little gasps he lets out even clearer. My hips are humping upwards, and grinding down on his dick at the same time, without my approval and I‘m literally a hair‘s breadth away from an earth shattering orgasm, when Tyler stops moving altogether, cutting me off abruptly.

I bawl . Why? I was so… I was so close, please, don‘t… please… Tyler‘s hand brushes my balls lightly and I squeal again. „You‘re getting pretty vocal, princess.“ Do not fucking call me that. I try to sound intimidating, which is hard when your throat is sore from being choked out. Fucking Tyler. I‘m still panting heavily, from being denied to cum and being asphyxiated, what a combination, when Tyler picks up moving again. I suspect that he didn’t only do it because he wanted me to suffer, but also because he was just about to cum as well. Maybe I‘m just that good of a lay for him. What a delightful thought.

Every time he touches my prostate, my body spasms with pleasure and my cock spurts more precum, by now it‘s running down my length, like I have a tiny volcano between my legs. Okay, not tiny . That was a stupid analogy, forget it.

If I don‘t cum right about now, I will absolutely turn into a fury. You know, the roman revenge goddess, not the emotion, that wouldn’t make any goddamn sense, would it? Without the boob part maybe. And the pussy part. Do furies even have that? It doesn‘t matter, the point is, I need to cum. Badly.

Tyler‘s grunts are getting more reckless and his thrusts more uncoordinated, I take this as a good sign. But I know that he won‘t make this easy for me. When does he ever? I sign internally. I‘ll just have to try my chances. Tyler…I begin. A smile pulls up the corners of his mouth at the mention of his name and it‘s unfair how endearing he looks like this. His hands roam over my body and I gasp at the warm tingling it sends through me. My cock kicks again. I have to ask. And I have to be convincing.

Tyler, can you make me cum? I bat my eyelashes for good measure, who knows what good that‘ll do? Tyler seems to be into the whole submission shtick. I think it‘s no use being dishonest by now, and I also think it‘s pretty much in vain to pretend otherwise. I‘m just as into this as he is. If not more. I’m like his man bitch. He likes feeling all powerful and I like making him feel all powerful.

I‘d like to slap him as the words „what‘s the magic word“ come out his big fucking mouth, accompanied by the nastiest grin I‘ve ever seen. More tears are spilling. I am hopelessly gone. Bye bye forever. It‘s a new me. One that likes begging for something, no matter if it‘s cock, pain or an orgasm. As long as it has something to do with Tyler Durden I‘m fine with it. Thrilled even.

Please, I say through gritted teeth. It‘s humiliating, really. But the humiliation has my dick harder than a rock. And guess what Tyler‘s doing…1, 2, 3, shoot! Bingo, he‘s laughing again, who would‘ve thought. „Man, you‘re broken, aren’t you?“, I hate him for knowing, hate myself even more for letting him know. But it’s true, he broke me, saddled me like a wild mustang and rode me till I was tamed. Even if it had required a bit of whipping. Metaphorically speaking. In real life he didn’t actually whip me. Instead he beat me up and fisted me and choked me. Close enough, I guess. I don’t respond to him, and

seemingly I don‘t have to, because, for once, Tyler decides to be kindhearted.

„How could I say no, when you ask for it so politely?“, and he strokes my dick one slow time, making me gasp loudly and thrust up into his tight fist. Finally, is plastered all over my brain.

Then Tyler, fucking Tyler, slaps my hard cock with the flat palm of his hand. It leaves a hot welt across my most sensitive body part and I cripple with pain as my stomach churns in horror. I‘ve never ever thought it would be possible to be hit there tonight. I wouldn’t have ever thought to be hit anywhere near there during sex at all. „Have you learned nothing, fucking moron?“, Tyler’s figure hovers above me, but I can‘t see him through my blurry eyes and when the tip of his dick stays pressed against my prostate through this torture, I feel my body break out in goosebumps at the confusing mix of sensations. My hands shoot down to nurse my poor penis, but Tyler is faster and prevents me from doing so.

„First lesson; never trust anybody“, he drills into my head and I grit my teeth to repress the urge to rip his tongue out and shove it so far back his throat that he can taste his fucking wind pipe. „Also, being polite is just a social structure made up by some pricks to waste the limited time we could most definitely spend doing more important stuff. Revolutionary stuff.“ Tyler sounds a bit manic and I worry for his sanity before I remember that we practically are on the same boat. And I‘m the one with the swollen dick, not him. Tyler, what the actual fuck? He snickers at my tone. „Stop the self pity.“ His teeth graze my chin. „I thought you were so into the pain earlier.“

He presses one finger to the crown of my dick and I jump a little, frightened he‘s going to hit me again. „And you‘re still plenty hard here.“ Fuck, he is right. I am still really hard. I mean like, really, really hard. I don’t get it. Why is being put down and beat up arousing me? Why am I getting off on being treated like the dirt under Tyler‘s shoe sole? The suspicion that this is just the case because it‘s Tyler, is slowly creeping up to me. How mortifying.

I am Jack’s injured male ego.

I guess he sees the realizing look dawn on my face, because he just smiles at me, flashing all his perfectly white teeth, and calls me a fag. Oh, for you Tyler, I am gladly a fag. Then he shoves his palm in my face and tells me to lick it again. I comply, even though it hurts, my cracked tongue leaving a path of blood and saliva in it‘s wake. I try not to grimace at the taste of grime and precum on his hand. Tyler groans even though I‘m pretty sure my tongue only feels like a snail crawling over him. But maybe it‘s the same for him. It turns him on because it‘s me. I‘d love that, actually.

When he’s satisfied with the amount of spit coating his skin, he wraps his warm hand around my poor dick. I wince and writhe a bit, but I‘m positive Tyler won’t hit me there again. He‘s got that look in his eye that tells me he‘s pleased right now. I guess he has me right where he wants me right now. As he starts to stroke me steadily, I can feel my eyes roll to the back of my head. My vision is blocked by my hypothalamus like this and if I could see myself from Tyler‘s point of view right now, there would only be white and the little pink blood vessels that look like naked tree branches in the middle of November.

Tyler moans at the way my body squeezes him like a vice, when I‘m finally being properly jerked off. I can‘t even blame him for slut shaming me earlier, now that I‘m actually aware of it myself, I have to admit that I really do sound like a whore. But there‘s no time for feeling ashamed, when I finally get what I‘ve been craving all night. And I‘m climbing closer to the edge faster than I‘d like to. No wonder when I‘ve basically been edged for the entire time. This time, I think Tyler‘s desperation almost matches mine. He‘s panting in my ear like some dog on a hot day and his thrust tend to get more and more sloppy. Maybe the sight of my debauched face is really doing it for him, or the way my dick is pulsing alongside with my heart beat in his hand. Whatever it is, it‘s got him hooked. Just like he‘s got me hooked, like a fucking worm on a fishing rod. And he‘s the big pike fish that eats me whole.

Tyler, oh my god…, I utter and his breath hitches barely noticeable.

Orgasm will commence in five.

By now, Tyler‘s jackrabbiting into me and rubbing my dick swiftly. Oh god, Tyler. It hurts. It hurts so damn good. Since I started crying earlier, I haven‘t managed to stop anymore. My nose is runny too, making my face a mess of spit and snot and salty tears, almost as salty as the pre-ejaculate smearing horizontally over my pale stomach. Everything‘s so wet and messy. It should be disgusting, but it really isn’t.

Four.

He curses and the hand that isn‘t on my dick tightens on my waist. I feel oh so girlish, like he‘s taking me out to dance. I never was at prom, no girl wanted to go with me. I used to be too small, too babyfaced and too shy. Now, my babyface is gone, it got smashed off of my head and ran down the drain. My shyness got blown up and fell fifteen stories deep. Sounds familiar? Now, who can I take to prom? Marla Singer? Don‘t make me fucking laugh. I‘m being taken anyways. I don‘t take anyone. Tyler is taking me, body and soul. I am devoted. I‘m at prom and we dance hand in hand.

Three.

Tyler tongues at my neck and I lean back to give him more access. It feels so good. I‘m floating and Tyler‘s my anchor to the world. He ties me to this beautiful world. Of course I‘m just calling it beautiful, because I‘m getting fucked into next Tuesday at the moment. Nothing about this waste-dump of a planet is good enough to be praised like that. Nothing but maybe Tyler.

Two.

Tyler kisses me hungrily. And for a moment, just for one, it feels like we‘re making love, not fucking. Making love with Tyler Durden, oh what a feeling. I‘d drown in it if I could. But that would mean I could never experience this again and that is not a down side I could take. But maybe the afterlife is full of Tyler Durden‘s cock too. At least that‘s what I imagine heaven is like. If I even get let in, that is.

One.

I‘m close. I need to tell Tyler. After just one fuck, he‘s got me wrapped around his finger. I‘m easy. Before I can open my mouth to say something, he pulls away and grunts: „I‘m close“. What a blessing. Me too, I tell him and my neatly trimmed fingernails scratch his back at every snap of his hips. With every other exhale, I‘m moaning, as his hand speeds up. When his thumb sneaks up to caress the vein on the tip of my dick, I‘m done for.

Orgasm commences.

I’m plummeting towards earth, falling from heaven like the angel Satan once was. It‘s been building up, so it‘s not sudden, but it seizes my body nonetheless. My eyes screw themselves shut, I couldn’t keep them open if I tried to. Behind my heavy eyelids, blossoms of colourful fireworks explode. I‘m seeing green and yellow and blue. But overall I‘m seeing red. Tyler‘s and my colour, I am quickly figuring out. Every centimeter of me spasms under the intensity of my orgasm crashing over me like the huge waves of a tsunami. When i bear down on Tyler‘s monster of a cock harder than ever before, he curses and bangs our foreheads together. My brain rattles in my skull and melts out of my ears. I feel my cum hit both of our torsos as he keeps up stroking me through it. It‘s downright angelic, something only a god could give you. Of course that’s what Tyler is. My stomach feels like the hydrochloric acid inside is cooking and dissolving me from my very core.

I am Jack’s sickening bliss.

It takes a while for me to come down a bit. It certainly doesn‘t help that Tyler still keeps fucking me, even though my orgasm is ebbing. He‘s chasing his own release like the selfish lover he is. But he isn‘t really. You just don‘t see through his facade. Only I do. He looks at me and his eyes are just as glossy as his lips. Oh god, I did this to him. I whimper like a kicked dog at the overstimulation of him still continuously hitting my prostate. My limp dick is still lying in his soap smooth hand and twitching through the aftershocks. Just like my hole, which basically sucks Tyler in. He‘s losing his rhythm now. Slowly, I can make out his composure slip. It‘s almost impossible to notice, but I‘m looking closely. The flutter of his eyelashes gives it away, and the way his mouth hangs half open, breathing heavily onto my sweat-damp skin. He‘s a bit erratic too, hips jumping without focus. It‘s making me feel all kinds of things. He is like that because of me. Only me.

He presses our mouths together, but it‘s not a real kiss, he just stays there, exchanging our used up air, carbon dioxide and all. „Hit me“, he then whispers, right into the gap between my swollen lips. He sounds so desperate like this, I‘m honestly shocked. I wasn’t aware the Tyler Durden was capable to produce such a tone. He’s full of surprises. Now I can die in peace.

I am too stunned to react for a second and Tyler takes my hesitation as a form of tactic, to break him like he broke me. So he decides to up his game. „Please“ , it‘s a soft and quiet little thing and I feel about to collapse. How could I ever say no to him? I take a swing, and land a blow right on his ribs. Even though there‘s not a ton of force behind it, yes sorry I am a sucker for this man, Tyler moans high pitched and stutters in his movement. I‘m starting to believe that I‘m dreaming, that I‘ve fallen asleep after all. Tyler doesn‘t plead and he certainly doesn’t make sounds like that. Except he totally does and he‘s clutching his side, because rib punches hurt hell of a lot and lets his forehead sink to my collarbone as he comes right inside of me.

I gasp as his hot cum floods me and I feel his cock kicking inside of

me. He‘s trembling all over and it‘s my turn to let him ride out the aftershocks. Which is hard, considering I‘m currently still being fucked, significantly after my own orgasm. I‘m laying down limply, body just slightly quivering with the overstimulation by the time he pulls out, a rush of sperm following after his pinkish prawn of a dick. It trickles down and makes a tiny puddle on the floor. It‘s disgusting, this is a public space. „Took it like a champ“, he praises me, if you can even call that praise. Additionally, he ruffles my hair, like I‘m his dog. I might as well be. I probably would let him walk me around with a leash. Then he gives me a chaste little peck to the lips, before leaning back again. My heart aches.

I‘m still dazed when Tyler pulls up his pants and fishes out his shirt from the pile of clothes next to us. „Come on, man, you gotta get dressed. Someone could walk out.“ I ask him since when he cares, but he just helps me sit up and pull on my dress shirt as well. I cringe with every movement, because basically any part of my body is sore. I‘m sure Tyler‘s hurting too, and he‘s just better at hiding it. Just like he‘s better at anything else as well. But right now, I can’t really bring myself to care.

We both sit down at the sidewalk a few feet over, after getting fully clothed. It‘s a clear night, though the air pollution is making it impossible to see the stars in the city. But just by knowing they are there I feel comforted, like a fuzzy blanket draped over my bruised shoulders. Tyler gets a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket. After fumbling one out, he lights it and takes a deliberate drag. When he blows out the smoke under the harsh light of the LED bulb of the street lantern, he looks otherworldly. This time, when he offers me the cigarette, I take it without a word and suck on the filter like a man starved. Tyler is such a horrible influence. I chuckle at the thought. He shoots me a confused glare, but the shakes his head with a crooked smile.

He takes the cigarette back, and when it‘s my turn on it again, he holds it out of my reach and takes my face in one palm, kissing me open mouthed and blowing the fume into my eagerly waiting maw. I cough until tears prick in the corners of my eyes again . Tyler‘s insufferable. I kiss him back.

After he pulls away, he tells me: „you‘re a freak, man.“ I don’t respond. I don’t know how to. He licks his lips when he looks over at me. „You‘re all bruised up too.“ At this, I do respond. Don‘t tell me you‘re horny again already, I say, exasperated. Your cum is literally still dripping out of my asshole. Tyler laughs, a sound as clear as morning dew. „Don‘t say it like that, dude, you‘ll get me hard again“, his eyebrow is lifted a bit. „And then you‘ll have to deal with the consequences.“ Something flashes to life in his eyes. Oh believe me, I know. I‘ll be limping at the office tomorrow, for more than just one reason.

We sit so close, I feel the heat radiate through both of our clothes and I yearn to curl up into him like a purring cat. Just a little post coital cuddle between homies, nothing wrong with that, am I right? Whenever he passes me the so called cancer stick, our fingers brush briefly, and I feel the warmth creep up my neck all the way to the tips of my ears. It‘s ridiculous, really, he literally was inside of me a mere five minutes ago, but I can’t help myself. This feels different, kind of intimate. It‘s too close to aftercare for my liking and it‘s confusing my feelings, making me feel all mushy inside until there is something way more potent than lust stirring alive in my gut.

It‘s bizarre, really. This man just beat the living shit out of me, and yet, here I am, swooning over him like some preteen girl. I need to see a psychiatrist after all of this is over. I hope it never is. I‘ve never felt like this before. I don’t ever want to feel different again.

Tyler springs to his feet next to me and arches his back a bit until we can both hear the bones crackling from the pull. He stumps out the cigarette with the heel of his boot, smearing remnants of the tobacco over the asphalt beneath us. He blows the last bit of smoke into my direction, before extending his hand towards me to help me up. It‘s humiliating how I scramble to take it as fast as possible. Anything for a bit of skin on skin. If Tyler notices, he doesn’t say anything.

„Let‘s get going. My house is pretty peripheral.“ His house. Right, I‘m

going to be staying at Tyler Durden‘s house. I don‘t exactly know what to expect. Nonetheless, I am excited. This means I get to spend time with my savior. I‘m screaming, giggling, kicking my feet. I‘m disappointed in myself. What have I come to?

Hopefully, I can sort out these stupid feelings soon enough. They disturb me deeply. It‘s a sacrilege to think about him that way. Tyler is so kind to let me discover the real side of this depraved world, to show me exactly how to hit bottom, and this is how I thank him? I‘ll get it under control, chief, I promise. I can fight Tyler yes, no question. I can fuck him too. But that‘s it. We can be friends, nothing more. Maybe best friends, if I get lucky. I‘d love to be Tyler Durden‘s best friend, the person he trusts and relies on, if Tyler is even capable of doing so. I need him. I need him so desperately and he needs me. I know this because Tyler knows this.

We walk into the direction of the paper street house side by side. Sometimes our battered shoulders touch, and every time I wish the moment would last longer.

I am Jack‘s undefined future.

End Notes

Omg omg these fucking idiots just get together already. This movie was pure homoeroticism. Can we please appreciate that I wrote a haiku for this?!?!

This was way too much fun to write. I love the narrator and his silly little inner monologues.

Btw this was supposed to be about 3000 words short but i can NOT stop yapping. Hope yall catch all the little eastereggs

Pls leave kudos and comments if u like it. Hihihi love yall

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